HEROICK PORTRAITS

With other

Miſcellary Pieces,

Made, and Dedicate to His

MAJESTY.

BY

Rich. Flecknoe.

Principibus placuiſſe viris non ultima laus eſt, Hor.

LONDON,
Printed by *Ralph Wood*, for the
Author. 1660.

BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA

TO HIS MAJESTY.

May it pleaſe Your Majeſty,

I Were Criminal, ſhould I not reſtore this Portrait to Your Majeſty, from whom I have taken it, notwithſtanding any Act of Indemnity for my taking it. For the reſt, whilſt others preſent Your Majeſty with ſeveral Pieces for Your Cabinet, I preſent You theſe; and hope they may be more Acceptable, ſince Your Majeſty knows all the Perſons for whom they are made. The Hand that made them, and the

Heart that preſents them, which yields to none in rejoycing for Your Majeſties Proſperity; in praying for its long continuance; and in being

Your Majeſties

moſt humble, and moſt

obedient Subject,

Rich. Flecknoe.

The Preface.

THe *Portrait* has this advantage of the *Character*, that it gives you the Bodies reſemblance together with the diſpoſition of the Mind; and the *writer* of the *Painter*, that he both depaints the Minde, and Body too. This manner of writing is altogether in faſhion in *France*, and I ſhould be glad to bring it into *England*. There is ſcarce any Noble man or Noble woman there, but makes their own Portraits; and would ours but imitate them here, they would finde it of all ſtudies not onely the moſt profitable, but the moſt pleaſant too. For in making others *Portraits*, we ſee onely their *Exterior*, or onely as much of their *Interior*, as is expreſt in Words, or Action; but in making our own, we ſee into our very thoughts, and enter into the inmoſt cabinet of our

breasts, inaccessible to all, but to *God*, and to our selves. Which would but our *Nobility* and *Gentry* do, your Men whilst they know so many other things, would not be so ignorant of themselves; and your Women, whilst they are so curious of their Exterior Beauties and Ornaments of their Bodies, would not leave their Interior so neglected as they do. Indeed it is a shame, that whilst they are so curious in their Gardens, and Houses, as they will suffer nothing uncultivate, and out of order there, they should leave their Mindes very *wildernesses*, and quite o're-grown with weeds, and suffer them to be so disordered as they are.

For these my Heroick Portraits, (that you may not think me ambitious in Titles) be pleas'd to know that I have made the Portaits of none, but only those whom I particularly know, and to whom I have some particular obligation, (and this may serve me for excuse to some, for my not making theirs; and testimony to others, that I shall not be wanting in the like occasion.)

For

For the *Poems*, you must not expect that florid style in them, which is usual in other sorts of Poesies, since *Painters* when they make the Portraits of any one, amuse not themselves so much in making fine flowers and knacks, as in rendring them resembling those whom they depaint.

Most of them were made the last Year at *Bruselles*, since when, though their *Fortunes* be chang'd, their *Persons* are not; and this I thought fit to tell you, that you may not suspect me of Flattery, (if their Persons were such as they could be flattered) for all flatter Fortunate Princes; but onely *Hope* flatters the Unfortunate. No more, but Read, and be delighted.

The

The Table of the Heroick PORTRAITS.

OF *his Majesty.*
Of the Dukes of York *and* Gloceſter.
Of the Princeſs Royal, Princeſs of Orange.
Of the Dutcheſs } *of* Lorrein.
Of the Princeſs }
Of the Prince }
Of Mary *Dutcheſs of* Richmond *and* Lenox.
Of George *Duke of* Buckingham *the Father.*
Of Polixene.
Of William *Marquis of* New-caſtle.
Of the Lord.....

THE

THE PORTRAIT OF HIS MAJESTY Charles the II.

Faithfully taken to the Life.

KIngs like the Sun, in their full Majeſties,
Are too reſplendent bright for Subjects eyes;
Nor without dazling can their weaker ſight,
Suſtain the force of ſo much glorious light.
But when Ecclipſt, then every one can ſee
(Without that ſplendor) what their perſons be;

In which Conjecture who ſo e're has ſeen
This Sun of ours, may well affirm of him,
His Perſon's ſuch, as he for that alone
(His Birth away) deſerves the Royal Throne;
Such Majeſty there's in it, and ſuch Grace
(Both awing and delighting) in his Face;
Without thoſe Kingly Robes adorn the Throne,
He ſhews more King, then thoſe who have them on.
His Stature's tall, and of the comlieſt make,
His Viſage oval, his Hair thick and black,
In ample Curles, on's ſhoulders falling down,
Adorning more his Head, then any Crown.
His Eyes are Lively, full of flame and ſprite,
And of that colour moſt delights the ſight:
Royal, and largely featur'd all the reſt,
Declaring largeneſs of his Royal Breaſt;
And of ſo healthful Conſtitution,
As he had Articled with ſickneſs, none
Should e're invade his health, and he ſhould ne're
By exceſs provoke them, to which much confer,

His

His wonted Exercises, who in all
The Noblest, Gallants, and most Martial,
Even the Most Excellent, so far excels,
He's King in them, as he's in all things else:
(And who'd be absolute in every thing
As well as Birth, and Power, should be a King)
Nor shall you e're in any person finde
A greater strength of body and of minde;
Which with long Travel ha's improved so,
He knows what e're befits a Prince to know;
Not learnt from th'dead, but from the world, & men,
Those living Authors, and ha's studied them,
So as each Nations wisdom he does know,
And each on's Language to express it too.
Whence he compar'd to other Princes, sit
Dully at home, and nothing know but it,
Seems just like some huge *Gallyon* does come
From fartheſt *Indies*, richly laden home,
Compar'd to some poor *Hoy*, or *Bylander*
Then their own shores & coasts, ne'r further were;

And never none to Fortune more did owe,
Then to misfortune he, for being so.
For moral vertues then, ha's every one
In their full splendors and perfection,
Justice, not Clouded with severity,
Nor Temperance, with sower austerity;
And ne're in none more Courage was, nor more
Wisdom and Prudence, with less vanity, nor
With lesser Artifice; then ore's passion he
Commands so absolutely, and sovereignly:
It shews him King over himself, as well
As over others, nor does he less excell
In civil vertues, which adorn no less
The Royal Throne, as mildness, Gentleness,
Ravishing sweetness, debonarity,
Obligingness, and affability,
That more does conquer with a gentle word,
Then ever any Conquer'd by the Sword,
Acquiring absolute Dominion,
And Sovereign sway o're hearts of every one.

Me

Mean time he is so chearful and so gay,
None from his presence e're went sad away;
Nor yet could all his troubles nor his cares
Render him less gay and chearful, which declares
His minde' above them all, and ha's within
Him somewhat higher then the being KING;
Just like the highest Region of the Air
'Bove Storms & Tempests, nor could Fortune e're
Eclipse his minde. For Courtly vertues then,
In which Kings too should excel other men,
As far as Courts do other houses, he
Appears in every one to Excellency;
Dances so admirably, as your Eye
As well as Ear's all charm'd with Harmony,
Knows Musick, Poetry, Gallantry, and Wit,
And none knows better how to judge of it:
In fine, in every thing that curious is,
No'ns taste was e're more delicate then his;
And as he is a King 'mongst Courtiers, so
'Mongst Ladies he's both King and Courtier too.

How happy are his Subjects then, t'have one
For King, Heaven seems t'have chosen King, alone
To make them happy? one, they need but pray,
That as ha's born Adversity, he may
But bear Prosperity as well, and then,
As still ha's been, he'l be the best of Men.
One, finally in whom ye united finde
(Besides his Birth, his Person, and his Minde)
All that, which found in others one by one,
Raise them to height of Admiration,
The Wise, the Valiant, the Majestical,
The Milde, the Gallant, and the King in all:
But of all Titles, that amongst the rest,
Of Gratious and Clement fits him best.
More Glorious are his Sufferings then, and more
Injurious Fortune persecutes him for
His Royal Birth alone, who had he been
Born private man, deserv'd to be a King.
Such is her ignorant blindness, does not know
His eminent worth whom she disfavours so,

Would

Would finde, were she unveild, and could but see,
None e're deserv'd her favours more then he.

The Portrait of the Dukes of York and Glocester, under the Names of *Caſtor* and *Pollux*.

I Repreſent theſe two Royal Brothers like Antient *Heroes*, or *Semigods*, becauſe they come nigher their Natures then other Mortals do to that of Men, and depaint them both in one Table, becauſe (though their two Courages be ſo great, as you would think the whole World could ſcarce contain them) they are ſo conjoyned in affection, as they ſeem all one and indiviſible.

The Illuſtrious *Caſtor* has ſomewhat in his Perſon that can beſt be expreſt by Negatives; and 'tis eaſier to admire it then

then tell you what it is: His Stature is not at full heighth, yet it ſtrangely fills the Eye; nor Eyes of the greateſt, yet there is a ſtrange greatneſs in them; and never was perſon promiſed more, nor ſpirit that perform'd more, all that he promiſed; his Hair is ſomewhat brighter then his Brothers, (as Stars of the ſame magnitude may differ in brightneſs) his aire gallant and ſpritely, greatneſs and ſweetneſs contending in his Face for ſuperiority; and he's ſo different from all other men, as he cannot be counterfeited, nor can he counterfeit himſelf. But whileſt all other extreams in him are temper'd in the mean, his Valour and Courteſie admits no mean at all; for in the Field (i'th face of the enemy) the furious North winde that blows down whole Forreſts before it, and leaves nothing but Ruine behinde, is not more fierce nor terrible; but return'd, as if he had left all his fierceneſs in the Field, the peaceful Weſtern winde, that breaths nothing but ſweetneſs, and whiſpers nothing but gentleneſs, is not more

more peaceful, gentle, nor ſweet then he.

Mean time the Fame he has acquir'd in War, of the braveſt and gallants Souldier of the Age, is ſo advantageous in peace for a youthful Prince like him, as your other fine Gallants with all their bravery, when he is preſent, are but ſlightly look upon, or rather in his preſence not lookt upon at all; ſo as with good reaſon *Venus* is feign'd inamoured of *Mars*, onely inſtead of feigning him born of immortal race, it had been much better (like our *Mars*'s here) to have his noble Actions immortalizing him. In fine, for all Princely Qualities, Heroick Vertues, and Royal parts, he were abſolutely ſingular and without compare, if his Royal Brother the Illuſtrious *Pollux* were away.

A Prince full of that noble Flame, and Spirit, that goes to the animating your activeſt Princes; his Eyes gray, full and majeſtious, at once Inſpiring Love and Reverence; his Features full and great, repre-

repeſenting all the greatneſs of the Royal Families he was deſcended from; his Hair long and brown, his Complexion lovely brown too, with a little mouth, and ruddy ſwelling Lips, and ſuch a gentle riſing in the Noſe, as nothing could be more graceful, nor becoming; of Stature not ſo tall, but his youthful Years might well adde ſomewhat to it; nor ſo low, but it might well paſs without that addition; of diſpoſition eager and fervent, nor was there any thing ſo light, but he would do it, as if it were a buſineſs, if he undertook it once; nor ſo great and weighty, but having undertaken it, he would go through with it, as if it were none at all; he kept ſtate, and never any younger Brother ſet a higher value on himſelf; and ſeem'd ſtrange, but on occaſion you ſhould finde him more obliging then thoſe who were more familiar. In fine, he Emulated his Royall Brother in every thing, with that brave Emulation that proceeds from Love, and was his Rival both in Peace and War, as Eloquent,

with

with the ſame adornments of Speech, (the knowledge of many Languages) as generous and magnanimous, misfortune having afforded them more noble occaſions to ſhew their early valours, then Fortune can do to others, whence they had ſo little need of other helps, as without their Royall Births they could have enobled themſelves, and without Fortune have been moſt conſiderable in the world, they being Princes as well by vertue as by Birth, whileſt others Births are their whole *Capital.* To conclude then, they could better live abroad, then others could at home; and no Countrey exagitated by Storms and Tempeſts but would have been proud and glad to have had two ſuch bright ſhining Stars as they, with their Martial and fortunate Aſpects, to reſtore them to their former tranquility again.

But O the fatal Augury of the name, that the generous *Pollux* ſhould dye to redouble his Brothers life! But this is our comfort, that dying he ſtill lives in him, and

and in him we enjoy him ſtill, if one be more where he loves, then where he lives; and this brave Heroe would not enjoy Immortality without communicating it with him he lov'd ſo well.

THE

THE PORTRAIT

Of her Highneſs,

The Princeſſe ROYAL,

Princeſs of

ORANGE

Written in French, and Tranſlated into Engliſh.

BEhold here the Copy of an excellent Originall made by a Lady of quality, communicated unto me by a great Princeſs her Confident, and unknown unto her copied out, which you will finde moſt excellent, (I aſſure my ſelf)

ſelf) if I have not wrong'd it in the copying.

Thoſe who know this admirable Princeſs, whoſe Portrait I intend to write, will wonder certainly that a perſon ſo little capable as my ſelf, ſhould dare to undertake ſo great a Work, and condemn me either of folly or vanity; but being reſolv'd upon it, all this ſhall not deterre me from my reſolution of telling you, that ſhe is the comlieſt and beſt made perſon in the world, and though her Stature be none of the talleſt, yet you ſhall finde far fewer who exceed it, then who are exceeded by it; her Hair is bright, brown, and in great quantity; her Eyes full and black, and ſo ſhining, as without dazzleing you can ſcarce behold them; her Noſe long, but well proportioned to her Face, her Mouth moſt lovely, and you never ſaw a purer Vermillion then her Lips; her Teeth fair, and wellrang'd, the turn of her Viſage excellent, and her Complexion ſo ſmooth and poliſhed, as there's nothing in Nature for politeneſs and

ſmooth-

ſmoothneſs can equall it. In fine, in all her perſon you behold ſomewhat ſo ſublime and great, as without knowing her your would eaſily know how much ſhe excelleth all the world beſides; ſhe has better meen then any, and though ſhe have enough of Beauty and Sweetneſs to conquer the hearts of all; to render her more conquering, ſhe has a certain Majeſty and Awfulneſs, moſt becoming a perſon of her condition that begets a fear and Reverence in every one. For her interior 'tis ſo impoſſible to know it, as 'twill be moſt difficult for me to deſcribe it; for ſhe has an infinity of Wit, and a ſpirit ſo quick and lively, as it renders her the moſt delightfulleſt company in the world, when ſhe would oblige thoſe ſhe converſes with, but in company of thoſe ſhe has leſs complacency for, ſhe is wholly reſerv'd and retir'd; nor can ſhe conſtrain her ſelf for any one, not but that ſhe's generally civil unto all, but ſhe looks upon conſtraint as a thing leſs neceſſary for perſons of her condition, as more made

for

for themſelves then others. Whence thoſe who know her not ſo well, imagine her to be more proud then ſhe is, though indeed ſhe be a little, but it misbecomes her not at all, there being a certain noble pride neceſſary for all women; and above all for women of her condition: ſhe is exceeding generous, and obliges with the beſt grace in the world, all thoſe ſhe has a kindneſs for, which 'tis true are not many; but ſhe's the beſt friend in the world when once ſhe profeſſes it, and never changes, but upon ſome high provocation, when though ſhe can look well on them, ſhe never thinks ſo well of them as ſhe did before; which ſhewes ſhe can diſſemble better then perhaps ſhe believes ſhe can: ſhe is a little Cholerique though it appear not much, becauſe on ſuch occaſions ſhe uſes to retire her ſelf whole afternoons together without ſeeing any one; and though ſhe ſeems the moſt indifferent perſon in the world, yet thoſe who have the honour to ſee her often, eaſily perceive ſhe is not altogether inſenſible

of Love and Hate. She never ſtrikes any full on the * face with Railery, but glancingly, loves to make them affraid ſometimes, whom ſhe's thorowly acquainted with. She is very conſtant in her Reſolutions, and I might ſay too much ſometimes, even to opiniatrety. She never intereſſes her ſelf in the affairs of others, unleſs at their requeſt and ſolicitation, and then ſhe does it very faithfully and ſecretly. In fine, ſhe has all the requiſite qualities of a great Princeſs, and beſides what I have ſaid, dances admirably well, but is a little ſloathful, which is the reaſon ſhe cares but little for Divertiſement, and had rather ſit in her Chamber all alone, then take the pains to dreſs her ſelf for company, though none appears in it more advantageouſly then ſhe. I ſhould never make an end, ſhould I amuſe my ſelf with depainting all the perfections of this admirable Princeſs. I will conclude then, with humbly beſeeching her to pardon the Defaults of a Portrait, which 'tis im-

* *rompre en viſiere.*

poſſible

poſſible to render ſo perfect and accompliſht as the Original; and to conſider that ſhe who made it is ſo wholly dedicate to her ſervice, as ſhe counts her ſelf onely happy in the relation ſhe has unto her; and is onely ſorry for her want of skill to repreſent according to her deſires and her devoire, the admirable perfections of her Royal Miſtris.

Unto this Portrait we may annex by way of Schedule, theſe following Verſes, made by a Perſon of Quality, in admiration of it: and the Royal Princeſs it repreſents.

To her Highness THE Princeſs Royal.

HEroick Nimph, in Tempeſts the ſupport;
In peace, the Glory of the Brittiſh Court
Into whoſe Arms the Crown, the Church, and all
That precious here, or ſacred is, did fall:
Ages to come that ſhall your Bounty hear
Will think you Miſtris of the *Indies* were.
Though ſtraiter bounds your Fortune do confine
In your large heart was found a wealthy Mine.
The Royal Stock was nouriſht with your ſtore,
What could *Peru* or *Mexico* do more?

Like the bleſt Oyl, the Widdows laſting Feaſt,
Your Fortune as you powr'd it out increaſt.
Whileſt ſome your Beauty, ſome your vertue ſing,
Your Native Iſle does with your Glory ring.
But above all a Nimph of your own Train
Gives us your Character in ſuch a ſtrain,
That none but ſhe who in your Court did dwell
Could know ſuch worth, or worth deſcribe ſo well.
So while we Mortals here, at Heaven do gueſs,
And more our weakneſs then that place expreſs,
Some Angel that dwelt lately there, comes down,
And tells the wonders he has ſeen, and known.

THE PORTAAIT Of her HIGHNESS Beatrix de Cuſance DUCHESS of LORREIN.

THis Admirable Ducheſs ſomewhat has
So taking, and ſo raviſhing in her Face,
No Painter can deſcribe; although *Vandike*
Long ſince ha's done it ſo exceeding like,
The whole admiring World confeſs, that ſhe's
All that to Beauty, Beauty to others is:
(Their chiefeſt Grace and Ornament) and add,
She's th'Excellents piece, as Nature ever made;

And

And that the Excellent's one, as ever yet
Vandike did make, in imitating it.
Onely his Colours fade, so do's not her
Complexion, neither could Painter e're
Find Colours fresh enough, (for all their strife)
To paint her beauteies freshness to the Life;!
Nor ever find so perfect Red and White,
But they'd look pale, and blush too at her sight.
To which I'le adde, her very Eye-lids are
Then others Eyes, more admirably fair,
And would make blindeness lovely, and appear
Even beautiful, though without Eyes she were;
Like antient statues, but imagine then
How fair she is, when she dicloses them,
And those bright Beams displays, which they did (hide,
Amazes, dazles, and would blinde beside,
And burn us too, but that she's like the Sun,
For Mortals greater Consolation
Plac'd in so high a Sphere, she do's delight
Us rather, then destroy us with her sight.

Mean time who ever ſees them needs muſt ſay,
There are but two things bright, the Sun, and they,
And that a Malady did but ſurprize,
And were but half as taking as her Eyes,
Might well be counted *Epidemical*,
And would as ſhe's the Life, be Death of all.
Nor is her voice leſs charming then her ſight,
Who when ſhe ſings, infuſes ſuch Delight
Into the raviſht ſenſe, who ever hears
Could wiſh themſelves transformed all to Ears,
As at her ſight before, they wiſht they were
Transformed all to Eyes, to look on her.
Neither do's Eccho ever more rejoyce,
Then when t'ſo happy to repeat her voice;
So ſweet, when ſhe but onely ſpeaks unto ye,
The very tone of't is all Harmony;
Which gracious Language ſhe accompanies
With ſuch milde looks, ſuch winning gentleneſs,
T'wod tame the fierceſt Lions, civilize
The wildeſt and the barbarous Savages.

And

And if ith' world there any fierceneſs is,
Or Savages, wildneſs, and barbrouſneſs,
The reaſon's onely 'cauſe ſhe is not there,
Nor (what's our domage) can be every where;
And they may talk of Magick, but there's none
Knows rightly how to charm but ſhe alone.
Nor till I ſaw her dove-like Eyes co'd I
E're underſtand your Poets Myſtery,
Of feathering's Arrows, and of feigning Loves
Bright Goddeſs Chariot, onely drawn by Doves.
Then ſhe's the life of all where ſhe do's come,
Are dead, until ſhe animates the room;
Prometheus like does every breaſt inſpire,
With noble Flame, and with Celeſtial Fire:
Nor any whilſt ſhe's preſent can be ſad,
Nor when ſhe's abſent can be truly glad;
Ha's Sun ſhine in her looks, and as ſhe ha's
Th' outſide of Heaven alwayes in her Face,
Ha's ſtill the inſide of it in her Breaſt,
A joy can ne're b' imagin'd nor expreſt,

As different from light and gigling Mirth,
As fire from Crackers, or as Heaven from Earth.
And as 'tis joy for to behold her, ſo
'Tis vertue for to know her, wiſdom to
Converſe with her, and (once for to conclude)
A Species of the Beatitude
Of tother life, and kinde of Heaven it is,
T' enjoy her converſation in this;
And they of Paradice would weary be,
Who could be weary of her company,
Whoſe Breaſt is quit of other making, then
The narrow dark built ones of other men,
So fram'd becauſe their thoughts ſho'd not appear
Whileſt hers is ſo tranſparent, bright, and clear;
Her ſecret thoughts you through it may perceive,
Both ignorant, and diſdaining to deceive.
Nor nature e're (though t'have attempted oft)
Made any breaſt ſo tender and ſo ſoft,
Who when ſhe ſees one miſerable, ſtrait
You'l ſee how ſoon her boſom will dilate,

As

As she'd effuse her heart, and vital blood,
And give her very life, to do them good:
Whence she's so liberal and so bountiful,
Whil'st any poor's i'th world she neither will,
Nor can be rich, who gives to all, and who
No other mean, nor measure knows, but to
Give all she ha's, so the world sooner shall
Want treasures, and necessitous withall
To give it to, when she cease giving still,
Had she ability but to her will;
And when her other treasures not suffice,
She gives her tears, the treasures of her Eyes.
To tell her other charitable deeds,
Naked she Cloatheth, Hungry she Feeds,
And Sick she cures, were praises fitter far,
For Saints are dead, then those who living are.
Onely Ile say, she for her bounteous minde,
May well be stil'd delight of humane kinde;
Since nor the air we breath, nor light we see,
S'more liberal of their Benefits then she.

Heaven

Heaven be her Meed then, ſeeing Earth has none
For ſo great Vertue and Perfection;
For one in fine that is ſo rarely good,
As whoſoever ſees, and knows her, wo'd
Affirm her *Goodneſs* ſelf, or elſe believe
Goodneſs at leaſt onely in her did live;
And when ſhe died, juſt reaſon had to fear,
Left it were dead, and buried too with her.

The

THE PORTRAIT OF ANNE

Princeſs of LORRAIN.

THis fair and vertuous Princeſs, is tall of ſtature ſtreight, repleat, and excellent well proportioned; the aire of her Face ſweet and ſmiling, and Perſon majeſtious; her Viſage more round then long, her Eyes of the largeſt and faireſt make, blue, ſhining, and of an excellent

cellent water; her Hair brown, her Eyebrows black and thick; above all, her Lips and Chinn ſurpaſs for white and red, nor did ever two Colours better accord to ſet off one another. Her Complexion was all a Garden of *Roſes* and *Faſmin*, until the Small Pox made war upon her Face; yet was not the ſpoil and devaſtation ſo great, but now the peace is made, it returns to its former flouriſhing eſtate again. In ſpeaking ſhe has a certain inclination towards you, that both elevates and raviſhes you; and has ſo many graces in all her other actions, as you would imagine ſhe had them all in penſion to teach them becommingneſs: and juſt as careful Miſtreſſes, often over-look their Scholars, to ſee that every one perform their Task; ſo ſhe often beholds her glaſs, whence you may collect ſhe is curious in her Dreſs and Apparel: and ſo ſhe is, though I can aſſure you that whilſt none goes richer nor more gallantly clad then ſhe, her Clothes yet are her leaſt of ornament,

and

and ſhe is alwayes the greater ornament of her ſelf.

Nor is ſhe leſs adorn'd, and fair, within then ſhe's without; for ſhe has an excellent wit, and is ſo quick of apprehenſion, as ſhe underſtands what you would ſay, ſooner then you can ſay it; and learns every thing ſooner then you can teach it her. She reads ſo faſt as ſhe even dazzles her eyes, and writes with ſuch incredible celerity, as though ſhe dazzles yours, with the quickneſs of her hand, it can no wayes keep pace with the conceptions of her minde. In fine, never any learnt with leſs pain, nor knew more with leſs vanity then ſhe; for though in all ſhe undertakes ſhe ſhoots higher then any elſe, yet ſhe takes her aime ſo high, as it falls alwayes ſhort of that which ſhe intends. Amongſt the reſt ſhe dances admirably well, and underſtands all ſort of Muſick to excellency, (even to compoſing it) nor can they reproach her as they did ſome Muſicians in antient time, that they were more curious

in

in tuning their Instruments then themselves; for never was minde better tun'd nor to a harmonious Body, a more harmonious Soul. Of dispositon she is eager and vehement, nor can endure the delaying of her desires; but they alwayes have so vertuous an end, as she merits no less in satisfying her will, then many do, by mortifying theirs. She is so easie company, as she judiciously weighs their strengths she converses with; and so upholds discourse on her side, as it must be a great weakness in them, who let it fall on theirs; yet is she not so indifferent for company, but she converses most willingly with those of her own rank and condition, that she may not be enforc't to stoop to them, but commune and discourse with them on equal hand; and though she be highly civil, yet you had best take heed how you approach her with any imperfections; for (what for her own sport and others) she will so *railly* you, as you must have lost all shame or she'l make you asham'd of it; yet 'tis rather sport then malice

malice in her, and ſhe takes delight rather to *cramp*, then torture you.

For the reſt, ſhe is ſo nobly tender of others fames, as ſhe dextrouſly diverts the Diſcourſe when ſhe perceives it ready to fall on them; or when ſhe cannot, ſhe ſuffers with them; and happy are they the while, for (by a Noble kinde of juſtice) to give that to their perſons, which others would take away from their fames, ſhe has ever after the better opinion of them, whence not rarely from indifferent, they arrive to her eſteem, a happineſs, which elſe (perhaps) they had never had. She is of ſo ſoft and compaſſionate a Nature, as not rarely the reflection of other miſeries renders her for the time as miſerable as they: and if they be occaſioned by want, ſhe is ſo charitable, (though ſhe be not liberal) as ſhe'l relieve their neceſſities; whence you may take a proſpect of her Piety and Devotion, eſpecially from her Liberary, which you finde ſtor'd with all ſorts of pious Books, which ſhe daily reads with ſuch guſt and devotion, as you may per-

ceive 'tis her chiefeſt delight; and ſhe makes that her buſineſs, whilſt other Books are onely her recreation. And in her other Devotions ſhe is ſo far from that vanity, of appearing in publique, onely to ſee and to be ſeen, as the ſame veil that hides her eyes from ſeeing others, hinders others from ſeeing her.

I could adde much more of her Vertues and Perfections, but theſe few may ſuffice, as a pattern of the reſt: and I deſire to end her Portrait with the ſame Devotion, with which ſhe deſires to end her life.

THE

THE PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCE OF LORRAIN.

COme, come ye Painters, & your patterns take
If you would *Cupid*, or *Adonis* make,
From this young Prince; for such *Adonis* was
When he at first the flying Hare did chase:
And such was *Cupid* when in *Julio's* name,
He kindled *Dido's* Breast with hidden flame.

With all the Graces in his perſon, e're
By Poet or by Painter fancied were,
Or e're imagin'd, when (ſurmounting Faith)
Imagination was at greateſt height;
With all that's fair in Women, or in Man,
As curious Nature had compos'd him than;
When doubtful whether Sex to make, it made
One that of either all perfection had.
His perſon's ſtreight, and tall, with motion
So eaſie, as (though ſtrongly ſet and grown)
No tender twig with more facility
Shaken by th' winde, does bend nor bow then he
And when he dances, or but onely goes,
His movement ſo brave and ſpritely ſhows,
He their long ſtrife decides for preference,
And gives to either equal excellence:
Whilſt he on dancing, freedom does beſtow,
And upon going, grace, and number too.
His Face is oval, and ſo charming, you
Would think there were both Love & Magick to

In that fair Circle, none can look upon,
Without delight and admiration.
His Eyes are ſtars of the firſt magnitude,
Grey, of benigne aſpect: and to conclude,
(Letting his *Scheme* or *Horoſcope* alone)
Under what ever Conſtellation
This Prince was born, I wiſh him but that Fate
Which two ſuch ſhining ſtars prognoſticate.
When Nature his complexion did compoſe
Oth' eſſences of *Jaſmin* and the *Roſe*,
She gave it all that's lovely, ſweet, and freſh,
In either flower, except their fadingneſs;
Onely his ſmiling mouth, and lips, that ſwell
So prettily, for *Red* ſo far excel
The Roſe, as bluſhing Coral when moſt fair,
And ruddy Cherries that at ripeſt are,
For lovely hue, ſo far come ſhort of them,
As they for envy even look pale agen.
His Hair's dark cheſnut, or a brighter brown,
With graceful negligence hangs dangling down,

Shewing, (whilſt in the air it looſly flows)
He keeps his care for weightier things then thoſe.
The air of's Face, and Count'nance, is betwixt
A comely gravity, and gayneſs mixt:
He can at pleaſure ſo unmix agen,
(Which ſhews him maſter of himſelf and them.)
As he's all grave in's Studies, and all gay
In's Recreations, when the Book's away:
For's ſp'rit, and wit, it eaſily appears,
How far already t' has outgrown his years,
By maſtering four ſeveral Languages,
E're fully Ten, a Labour *Hercules's*;
Maſtering three barking Tongues of *Cerberus*, or
Hydra's ſeven hiſſing ones, could be no more.
Mean time 'tis queſtion'd whether *Mercury*
Or *Mars* has o're him more predominancy,
In eithers Arts h'excels ſo: 'mongſt the reſt,
In managing his Horſe, the gallant Beaſt
Obeys him juſt as Bodies ſhould the Soul,
Whence too he learns his Paſſion to controul:

He

He with the curb, and bit, commandeth ſo,
When he bids ſtay, they ſtay; when go, they go.
Whence all do wonder that a Childe of Ten,
Should have more temper then the moſt of men.
And that the more, ſince he's ſo far from cold
And dull, in all his actions you behold,
A certain noble heat and ſpritefulneſs.
Nor in Devotion is his fervour leſs,
Declaring 's Soul, no leſs then Body fair,
Such in his Breeding is his Parents care;
Such is his Nature without artifice,
Frank, Noble, Generous, enemy to *Vice*;
And *Vertue*'s no where more ſecure from wrong
Then in his Breaſt, nor *Truth* then in his Tongue.
In fine, *Pythagoras Bivium* he has paſt
So far, as now he is arriv'd at laſt
To th' pleaſure on't; and feels no more the pain,
Nor we the fear he ſhould return again,
Or ever ſtop in his career, until
He is arriv'd to top of all the hill.

THE PORTRAIT OF MARY

Dutchess of

Richmond and *Lenox.*

COuld I but depaint this excellent Lady, as she deserves, and I desire, I should make it the faireſt Pourtrait in the world: but the impossibility of my doing it, shall not hinder me from doing what is possible. I will say then, that never Lady us'd less Art, nor was more behold-

beholding to Nature then she: and tell you in detaille that her Eyes are sweet and languishing, and the rest of her Features every wayes corresponding: her Face perfectly oval, and never was any better turn'd: her Colour like dry sun-shine, the best Complexion of Heaven or Earth: her Stature tall, and excellent well proportioned, with easie motion, and such becoming gesture, as the very turning her Head, and opening of her Mouth, renders her not onely extraordinary, but extraordinary lovely too. In fine, there is a certain Greatness, and Lovelines, in all her exterior, nor is her interior, less fair, and great: who has been so accustomed to be carried in the arms of *Kings*, and to behold nothing but inexhaustible treasure in the *Duke* her Fathers and Husbands house; no wonder she is so Royal breasted as she esteems Gold and Diamonds no more then dirt and pebble-stones, nor could *Midas* wish for more Treasure then she would give away; whose whole study 'tis to reward those who oblige her, or oblige those who

who want, or merit it. For other ſtudies, ſhe is ſo little friend to Books, as ſhe would be ignorant of many things which others know by reading, had not Nature ſo abundantly provided for her, as to put her beyond the want of it, and made her almoſt ignorant of nothing that's worth the knowing: whence I am almoſt of opinion, that Reading to excellent Wits, is but like Art to excellent Beauties; too much, but ſpoils them quite; and thoſe petty helps, but argue ſome greater want, as Candles do the want of the Sun-ſhine. Of her Muſick and Dancing I ſay nothing, for ſhe's all Muſick, and her very going has a graceſulneſs beyond all dancing, but her own.

This ſhe was in her greateſt Luſtre, when ſhe was the chiefeſt grace and ornament of the Engliſh Court; when all your Engliſh Ladies onely by reflexion from her, were counted fair, and had been counted gallant, and ſpritely too, had they had but her gallantry and ſpritefulneſs. When (finally) even your moſt partial Nations,

would

would confeſs, that Madam the *Ducheſs of Richmond* as far ſurpaſt all the Ladies of their Courts, as they did thoſe of all other Courts beſides. But now the Court is faln, and ſhe left onely ſtanding, like a Pillar of ſome mighty Ruine, to ſhew admiring Beholders how great it was: all our hope is, that if ever there be a Court again, ſhe will be the chiefeſt Pillar of it, as ſhe was before. Mean time, I could tell you of her particular loſſes, beſides the general one, how misfortune had ſo benumm'd her, as ſhe ſcarcely felt it blows, and even loſt its power over her, by exerciſing it too much, but that it would caſt too deep a ſhadow on her Pourtrait, (which Ladies do not love) and too much afflict her who is by nature but too ſenſible of affliction; ſo tender hearted, as the compaſſion of others miſeries makes almoſt as deep impreſſion in her as her own; ſo humane, as no harm can happen to humanity but ſhe is concern'd in it; and ſo nobly kinde, as whilſt the *Duke* her Brother was in exile, ſhe thought nothing her own as long as he wanted

wanted it, nor her ſelf any thing, as long as ſhe wanted him. For the *Duke* her Husbands death ſhe would have dyed, but onely to conſerve the other half of him which ſtill ſurviv'd in her: and for the Kings ſufferings, ſhe more then dyed; for death had been an eaſe unto her, who languiſhed and pin'd away, nor could any thing but the reſtoring him to his Throne, reſtore her to life again: and 'tis happy that her heavieſt loſs of all (the death of the *Duke* her ſon) hapned in that time, to lighten the weight of it, which elſe infallibly had wholly broke her heart.

But now I'm faln on mention of her loſſes, 'tis time to break off, and leave this Portrait imperfect, in hope that it may no more diſadvantage it then it did *Apelles's Venus* the leaving it unfiniſhed, and I will onely conclude my imperfect draught of it with this following Ode made on her,

Whether a chearful air does riſe,
And elevates her fairer Eyes;

Or

Or a penſive heavineſs,
Her lovely Eye-lids does depreſs;
Still the ſame becoming grace
Accompanies her Eyes and Face:
Still you'd think that Habit beſt,
In which her Count'nance laſt was dreſt.
Poor beauties whom a bluſh or glance,
Can ſometimes make look fair by chance;
Or curious dreſs, or artfull care
Can make ſeem fairer then they are:
Give me the Eyes, give me the Face,
To which no Art can adde a Grace.
Give me the Looks, no garb, nor dreſs,
Can ever make more fair, nor leſs.

THE

THE PORTRAIT OF GEORGE

Duke of *Buckingham.*

To the Lord Duke his Son.

A Body such as Angels us'd to frame,
When they from heaven on some embassage came,
And for their masters glory would appear
In noblest and in gallants manner here.
A Soul as some Divine intelligence
Did life and motion to its Sphere dispence;
So active, as the Body, you would say,
Was not Abasement to it, but Allay;

And

And from the union of this equal pair,
Result of all was perfect good, and fair;
All in th' exterior longing Maids desire,
And in th' interior wisest men admire,
Such was the person, such the outward frame,
And inward form, of gallant *Buckingham.*
Besides what you more admirable finde,
(The qualities and vertues of his minde)
He was so noble all, had soul and sence,
Beheld him both with love and reverence:
So affable he ravished, not took,
And you would sayhe rather charm'd then spoke,
With courtesie so conquering, it but said,
Render your hearts, and every heart obey'd.
And such a Liberality, he scant
Thought gold his own, whilstother men didwant,
Which he imploying unto noblest ends,
Whilst others purchast lands, he purchast friends:
And was so covetous of them, he would say,
When h'ad not gain'd a friend, h'ad lost a day.

Then

Then all did say when they beheld him dance,
He grac't the *Englisb*, foil'd the Court of *France*
And for true Bravery, and Gallantry,
When he was present, none appear'd but he.
Nor was less skill'd i'th arts of Peace and Wars,
And management of Politique Affairs.
For th' ablest Head to counsel what was fit,
And activ'st Hand for executing it,
One of the fullest, and compleatest men,
Time ever saw, or e're shall see agen:
Whence all did universally agree,
For Honours none was e're more fit then he.
One who was neither froward with their weight
Proud of the load, nor giddy with their height;
But manag'd Fortune so, he gain'd esteem
Of far more honouring her, then she did him.
One, was by suffrage of the Publique voice
Judg'd worthy Fortunes, and his Princes choice.
One (finally) standing so near the Throne,
Its Beams did all reflect on him alone,

Ingrost

Ingroſt not ſo their brighneſs, as he made
For others dark eclipſe, and envious ſhade;
But as ſome pure Criſtalin Glaſs he were,
Or bright Diaphan Body, ſmooth, and clear,
Thorow himſelf he but tranſmitted them
With greater light, and heat to other men.
So though he ſtood as high or higher yet,
Then Fortune e're advanced Favourite;
(By force of two Kings rais'd, apparant proof,
One, for ſo great a work was not enough)
None envied his heighth, nor wiſht his fall,
But who his Countreys Ruine wiſht withall.

Theſe whilſt he liv'd, your Fathers vertues were,
And now he's dead, are yours, my Lord, his Heir;
The gallant air, and features of his face,
His comely lineaments, and outward grace,
The noble Vertues of his inward breaſt,
And in's example you have all the reſt.

THE PORTRAIT OF POLIXENE.

THis noble Dame, for whom Nobility
Has no Name great enough to ſtile her by,
Of face is lovely; ſtature, ſtreight, and tall;
And of comportment ſo majeſtical,
Whilſt lighter Eyes, on other Beauties ſtray,
Hers carries all the graver ones away.
In which fair ſtructure, all that you can blame
Is her neglecting the Exterior Frame;
Transferring all her pains, and all her care,
Unto the rendring the Interior fair:

Yet

Yet ſhe not ſo neglects it, but ſhe goes
In ſtately Equipage of Train and Clothes;
Nor yields to any one, for Rich and Fair,
Whilſt every one for *Vertue* yields to her.
Uſing no Arts as other Ladies do
To be the Pageants of each publique ſhow,
Of painting, or what ever trumpery elſe,
Till they themſelves, are leaſt part of themſelves;
Scorning all Arts and Artifices too,
Nor ſets ſhe traps for Hearts as others do.
Whoſe art is onely what ſhe is t'appear,
(If that be'nt Nature, more then Art in her)
To court high Honour, and above the reſt
To honour Vertue, with a ſpotleſs breaſt.
Whence, juſt as to the Temple all do come
Unto her Chamber, and thence, all go home;
The Bad converted, and the Good, far more
Confirm'd in goodneſs, then they were before.
And for wilde Libertines, I know not where
They can have good thoughts, if t'have evil there.

Whilſt amorous youths her ſcorn, not pity move,
Who fondly ſigh, and talk of flames, and love:
Who but to have a Guardian for her life,
And honoured Fame, would never be a wife.
Of her fair Sex the beſt Example ſtill
Of following Vertue, and declining ill;
Nor can Examples her leſs vertuous make,
Who 's onely vertuous, for Vertues ſake.
No curious Beauty e're more nice, and ſhy,
Of Sun and Winde, nor frugal bravery
Of ſpot and ſtain, then ſhe, of blemiſhing
Her Fame and Honour: ſtill examining
What will the people ſay? though her own thought
Be her ſevereſt judge, induſgeth nought
Unto her ſelf; nor does the Indian Tree
At lighteſt touch, ſooner ſhrink up then ſhe.
Nor on her way does ſhe e're ſtir a foot,
Until ſhe 'as lookt moſt warily unto 't:
So like the Ermin marching on the ſnow,
Pure and unblemiſht ſhe i'th world does go,

Teaching

Teaching th' unwary, if they walk not clean
The fault's not in the world, ſo much as them.
Wiſe above woman, yet ſo humble too
She ne're applauds her ſelf, though others do.
A ſoul lives alwayes in a temperate clime,
Such as was Paradice in ancient time,
And no intemperate paſſions, e're moleſt
The peace, and quiet, of her happy breſt.
Or if in ought leſs temperate ſhe be,
'Tis in her care of honour'd Fame, and ſhe
Does apprehend, ſuch mighty care does need,
As none's enough, unleſs it do exceed.
So like ſweet Roſes who themſelves but arm
With rigid thorns againſt external harm,
She puts but on this outward rigidneſs,
Better to guard her from the dangerous preſs,
And is ſo wrapt up in each excellence
So many fold deep, from the outward ſence,
As you unfolding of them one, by one,
Shall never unto onely woman come.

For th' reſt ſhe is all gentle, milde, and good,
Nor can ſhe be diſcourteous if ſhe wo'd.
Holds mildneſs, gentleneſs, and courteſie,
So main an ornament of Nobility,
And ſo eſſential; ſhe imagines thoſe
Put off themſelves, and put on Peaſants clothes,
Who are diſcourteous. Now who curious be
To know what Lady this is; know 'tis ſhe
Was *mad'moiſelle de Beauvais* a while agon,
Who now is Marchioneſs of *Varambon*,
And ſhall be what *Dutcheſs* or * *Princeſs* ſhe,
When next ſhe pleaſe to wed, ſhall pleaſe to be.

* *Princeſs of Aramberge.*

THE

THE PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM Marquis of *New-castle.*

To his Lady, the Lady Marchioness.

LEt Painters with dull lines, and colours faint
GoPortrait those whose bodies they depaint
The Poet, more then Painters's requisite,
To Portrait one, who is all Sprit and Wit.
This nature seems full well t'have understood,
Framing him as nigh Spirit as she co'd,

Of bulk not big, to shew Nobility,
Does more i'th mind's then body's greatness lie;
Of Visage *Aquiline*, as best does fit
A piercing Judgement, and a piercing Wit:
And Flaxen Hair, a colour does presage
As well an Aged Youth, as Youthful Age.
And who would see th' Epitome of Wit,
Let them but read the Comedies h'as writ,
Whose Excellent VARIETIES do shows
That none the world and Men, das better know,
Nor better knows the Gentle Art; then he,
To gain them all by Noble Courtesie;
Who have no greater happiness then when
He speaks, nor greater unhappiness agen,
Then when he ceases speaking; his discourse
H'as so much quickness, Energy, and force:
For Horseman-ship and Arms then, there is none
In our Age fit to write, but he alone;
As none to Judge of it can be so fit
As those alone, who read what he has writ;

Surmounts

Surmounts the *Macedon*, in managing
The furious Beast, and that *Albanian* King
In Arms, whose blows so Inevitable were,
As none co'd live, but those whom he wo'd spare.
This partly was in cause, his Prince did call
Him, to the Honoured charge of General,
When right was weak, if power were away,
And Sword then Scepter bore the greater sway.
Of which so brave accompt he rendred, he
(Whilst Leader) still came off with Victory.
Where 'twas his Valour, Conduct, Vigilance,
(All which in War, do oft command o're chance)
Or's popularity (as who commands
Must have his Souldiers Hearts, as well as hands)
Or finally, his Fortune 'bove the rest,
What e're it was, most certain 'tis, the best
Of other Leaders was or'come, with th' same
Army, with which he alwayes overcame.
But leaving's Warlike vertues now, to come
To's Civil ones, who lookt on him at home,

Imagin'd

Imagin'd in his Houſe they did not ſee
A man, but God of Hoſpitality,
Fed more at's Board, then Nature at her Breſt,
When ſhe's moſt bountiful, amongſt the reſt
His Entertainment of the KING was ſuch,
The ſtate ſo Royal, and expence ſo much,
It ever will be queſtioned whe're that, or
The Entertaining's Army coſt him more.
So far he went both in expence and ſtate
Above a *Craſſus*, or *Lucullus* rate.
'Bove all, he was ſo great a Cheriſher
Of Arts and Learning, as 'tis doubted where
The Air (by which they vital breath receive,
The common Aliment, of all that breathe)
To th' Lives o'th Learned, did confer more good,
Then did his benefits, to their livelihood.
From which contempt of Riches 'twas that he
I'th common loſs, loſt all ſo chearfully,
Who in a Noble Cauſe, no difference made
'Twixt giving, and 'twixt loſing all he had.

Bravely

Bravely in Poverty, comforting himſelf
That where no other way's t'arrive to wealth
But by ignoble means, there's nothing more
Becomes a Nobleman then to be poor.
That petty Cottages when they ruin'd lye,
Turn all to duſt and rubbiſh preſently;
But mighty Palaces and Structures, farre
More Venerable by their Ruins are.
And in wild woods, robbers and thieves moleſt,
Your thieves are known by going bravely dreſt
In others ſpoils, but th' honeſt man's beſt known
By being rob'd, and ſpoiled of his own.
So ſtands he like ſome goodly Oak had ſtood
Long time the pride and glory of the Wood,
By ſtorms and winter, reft of all its Leaves,
Far more their harm, and detrement, receives
Shadow and ſhelter from it then its own,
That's more it ſelf, when all thoſe leaves are gon.
And if our Spring-tide e're again return
(As w'are not under ſuch a Climate born

To have t' perpetual Winter) you shall see
All flock again unto this Noble Tree,
And th'*nimphs&swains* of *Sherwood* with their lays
Dancing about it, chanting of it's praise;
And crowning it with flowers and laurel, when
Welbeck and *Bolswol* shall behold agen
Their noble Lord as flourishing, and more
Then e're in better times, he was before:
So Prophesies (for Poets are Prophets too)
The humblest honourer of him and you.

MADAM,

R. Flecknoe.

THE

THE PORTRAIT OF THE LORD....

A Gallant Person, as does best befit
The gallant Spirit that inhabits it.
Large limm'd, full body'd, stature streight, & tall,
Fair hair'd, locks that in various curles do fall;
Round visaged, complexion of the Rose,
Ruddy and Sanguine, that best nature's shows.
Looks gay and open, nothing that beguils
In mouth, or eyes, though every thing that smiles,

A cou-

A courage, oft in brave occaſions tryed,
And more within, then out-works fortified;
When he alone two Armies did withſtand,
Nor yielded, but to's Sovereigns command,
Whoſe Life is all *Annals*, whilſt others can
Scarcely make one *Diarium* of a man.
Well travail'd, ~~with~~ study Reading ~~and~~ Learning ſuch
~~As~~ best fits a Gentleman ~~beſt~~, *nothing to much.*
So courteous unto all, as courteſie,
As long as he does live, can never dye;
With ſuch a Temper as do's braveſt ſhow
In one both Souldier, and a Courtier too.
I'th face of Ladies, full as brave, as he
Before, was in the face o'th Enemy.
One who laveer's in ſtorms, yet holds his courſe
Whilſt others for their fears, pretend a force.
In dangerous times teaching them what to do,
By being both diſcreet and Loyal too:
One who in dark times, keeps ſo ſplendious train
He even dazzles their owl-like eyes again.

With

With bounteous mind, that yet do's wisely know
Both how to spend his wealth, and save it too.
A Lord in every thing, and one dares speak
And look too like a Lord, whilst others sneak.
If you wo'd know who this is, ask of Fame,
She'l tell you straight, *Bellasis* is his Name.
Bellasis whose high worth and value's such,
None can ~~esteem enough; much less~~ praise nun can esteem too much.

OTHER

OTHER MISCELLARY

Pourtraits, Pictures, Schizzo's, &c.

THE PORTRAIT OF LYSETTE

My Ladies half Gentle-Woman.

LOrd Sir, quoth *Lysette* to me the other day, you have made my Ladies Portrait, and why not mine? why, because you are not my Lady, *Lysette* quoth I again. But seeing this would not do, on her next importunity I promised it her; and now behold it here.

I know you are ambitious to be greater

then you are, and what ſhould I ſay to content you *Lys?* but onely, you are a great fool, (little as you are) and you have marr'd a good Chamber-maid to make an ill Waiting-gentlewoman; juſt like that Aſs, who cutting off his ears, to make him more like a Horſe, marr'd himſelf for ever being good Horſe or Aſs again. If it be the name of Maid *Lyſette* that you miſlike, you may enchange it for Woman when you pleaſe. But to be a Gentlewoman is a harder matter then you imagine; and 'tis not enough to take the Fan in hand, to clap the Patches on, and paint too for a need, to be proud and diſdainful, and be coacht about, whilſt you ſtrive as much for the right Boote as others would do for their Birth-right. No *Lyſette*, no, there goes more (as I take it) to the making a Gentlewoman, then the being ſo gentle as you are, and you muſt have other colour for it then you have; for though your hair and eyes be black, one would take you yet by your ſwarthy complexion for a Tanners Daughter, rather

ther then of gentle kinde; and you might ſooner paſs for Queen amongſt the *Gypſies*, then a Gentlewoman amongſt the better ſort. As for your perfuming, painting, and parieting; perfume your ſelf as much as you will *Lys*, the ſmell of the Chamber-maid, will alwayes ſtrongly convince the perfume of your Gentlewoman-ſhip; and waſh your face as much as you will, 'tis but waſhing a *Blackamoor*, and you had better a great deal be waſhing your Ladies Linen in the Laundry: and your hands are ſo ſtiff and hard with ſtarching, as 'tis paſt the remedy of oy'ld gloves ever to ſupple or ſoften them again. So as 'tis thought *Lys*, you would have a far better ſtroak at *Hot-cockles*, then ſtriking with the *Busk* or *Fan*. But I know 'tis the flattery of a ſort of idle Gallants that has ſet you a Cock-horſe, by telling you, you were ſuch a Beauty; but be not deceived *Lys*, for they praiſe you not ſo much for what they ſee in you, as for what they do not ſee; and court you more for the Maiden-head then for the Maid: to which you give the occaſion, by

looking full on them, when you are in company, and when they look on you, by ſmiling on them again, when who would not think the bargain made: and if you deceive them when it comes to the puſh indeed, and fly off, ſhrink, frown, grow angry, and lay about you furiouſly with the ~~*Puſh*~~, yet 'tis ſmally for your credit *Lys*, to attract them firſt with your ſmiles, and afterwards with your frowns repulſe them ſo rudely as you do: mean time there are malicious Tongues enough that ſay, you are as eaſily taken by their flatteries as places unfortified are by aſſault; and to ſay truth *Lys*, you are but ſlenderly fortified, both in Body and in Minde, being ſo ſimple, and having ſo little wit, as if you had never ſo little leſs, you would have none at all; and 'tis far eaſier to tell what you know not, then what you know. So they mock you who tell you you are ſo admirable at *Repartiis*, meaning, that you are ſo ſimple, as you can anſwer nothing but *O Lord Sir, &c.* and this puts me in minde of your Devotion, which is ſo little,

as

as you cannot say your *Hours*, but out of a guilded Prayer Book, nor your *Beads* less they be Coral or Amber at the least; nor do you ever go to Church, but to see, or to be seen: so 'tis suspected the same curiosity, that carries you thither, will carry you to *Purgatory* too. For I dare swear *Lys*, you'l never lead Apes in *Hell*.

The Picture of a Fine, Nice, Dame.

SHe is one your Cockneys call a Beauty, because she looks a little blewish about the gills, like a sick Turkey, and is of a pale faintish white, just of the colour of fletten milk. She has no other advantage of a good homely Countrey Wench, but onely her complexion, is the unwholesomer of the two, and

her skin is apter to break forth in scabs; and she is in comparison with them, just as raw or dow-bak't, is to well boild or concocted; so as those who could have any appetite to her, must have the Green sickness, or be half *Canibals* at least. When she was a Maid, she had the Green sickness, and now she is a Wife, she brings forth nothing, but *Curds* and *Green Cheeses*: for her Blood is all *whey*, and she clarifies it with Physick still, being alwayes pewling and pewkling, complaining she knows not wherefore, and she would fain be sick, if she knew of what: giving that Physician more, who findes her out a Disease, then others would those who cured them. She longs still whether she be with Childe, or no; and her chiefest longing is after the Fashions, when she must have every new fashion'd Gown, or Lace, or there starts up a new Disease presently; and her Husband straight gives it her, knowing by dear experience, the *Mercer* far less chargeable then the *Physician*. And if he wish her well when she is sick, he has as much reason

son to wish her sick when she is well; for his Expences multiply with the multiplicity of the Objects she sees abroad, at the *Exchange*, *Indian*, and *China* House, &c. and she must have all the precious Toyes she sees there, what ever they cost, or she is sick again: and so she should be, on condition she would dye, were I as he; but if he be contented with it, I am contented too.

Of a Modern Casuist.

HE is your onely Artificer of the Conscience, and frames and fashions it as he list himself; making the narrow way of Heaven so broad, as every one may walk in it; and he takes away the Sins of the World, but makes more Sinners then there were before; leaving no Usury, whilst he makes all Usurers, &c. He has his several Wards for several sins; as Equivocation, or Mental Reservation against Lying; and secret Compensation against Theft, &c. rectifying his intention so, as he can set any thing right again. He can make any thing good with a distinction, and marre it again with another: especially he has particular Cases for Princes, in confidence of which, should they offer to go to Heaven and St. *Peter* not understand them, as invented since his time, they were but in a pittiful case. He is so partial to his own Countrey Vices, as the *Germains* count Drunkenness almost

no

no vice at all; and the *Spaniards* the sin of the Flesh, but a *Peccadillio*. Mean time the Ignorance of what he writes, makes people more vertuous then the reading it; since their works being a *Rapsody* of all Vices in general, particular persons by reading them, must needs know more Vices then they did before. In fine, he pretends much charity and compassion, and goes so far to lend a hand to save others from falling into Hell, as not rarely they pluck him in for company, where if he meet with an ignorant *Devil* that understands not his quirks and fine distinctions, he is damn'd amongst the rest, without redemption.

Of

Of a Curious Glutton.

HE is one, the Total Sum of whose Life is in his Bill of Fare: in which he comprizes all Philosophy, and imagines *Solomons* Wisdom chiefly consisted in it, as appears (sayes he) by his knowing the Nature of all Beasts of the Earth, Fowls of the Air, and Fishes of the Sea, for pleasing his pallat; and of all Herbs, Plants, and Trees, from the *Cedar* to the *Hyssop*, for Pot-herbs, Fruits, and Salleting. He counts the Italian the onely wise Nation for calling a Wise-man, *Huomo di buon Gusto*; and counts none Ignorant, but onely those who know not how to eat or drink deliciously. He undertakes to tell you, not onely what you should eat and drink, but also how you should eat and drink it too; being ready to snatch your Meat out of your mouth, when he sees you swallow it ravenously and greedily, and is mad if you drink not his *Verdea* and *Frontinack* leisurely, and with

with due pauſes, as Chickens do their water, with often lifting up their eyes to Heaven. For the reſt he is good natur'd, and of quiet diſpoſition, and hates Diſputing, ſince of *Taſtes there is no diſpute*; and all other matters are out of his element: whence he cares not what Revolutions there are of State, ſo the Broach turn well, nor what Controverſies there are in Religion, ſo all allow of eating and drinking; of which he is ſo Religious, as he keeps a *Calender* onely of the time when each Meat comes in ſeaſon, and with good reaſon, for they are his *Feſtivals*. In fine, he thinks of nothing elſe, as long as he lives, and when he dyes, onely laments that Funeral Feaſts are quite left off, elſe he ſhould have the pleaſure in imagination, of one Feaſt more even after death, which he can't indure to hear of, onely becauſe there is no eating and drinking (they ſay) in the other world.

Of

Of the Shee-Gameſter, or Gameſtreſs.

SOme ſay ſhe was born with Cards in her hand, others that ſhe will dye ſo, but certainly 'tis all her life; and whether ſhe ſleeps, or wakes, ſhe thinks of nothing elſe. She ſpeaks the Language of the Game ſhe playes at, better then that of the Countrey where ſhe was born; and can leſs endure a *Soleſciſme* in t'one then t'other: ſhe ſayes you are *beaſted*, when you have any loſs; and to hear her, you would think ſhe ſpoke the language of the Beaſt; but now to hear her talk of nothing, but *Spadillia*, *Mallilia*, *Baſto*, *Matadores*, &c. you would think ſhe were conjuring up the Spirit of Gaming. She knowes no Judge but the Groom Porter, nor other Laws then onely the Laws o'th Game; at which ſhe is ſo expert, as they appeal to her, and ſhe's the ſole arbiter of all the differences in play. She loves Winter more then

then Summer, becauſe it affords more Gameſters; and *Chriſtmas* more then any other Time, becauſe there's more gaming then. She gives more willingly to the Butlers, then poor Folks Box; and is Religious onely in order to gaming, praying for good luck moſt devoutly. Mean time ſhe imagines the Counters her *Beads*, and the Cards her *Manual*, and ſhuffling o're her Prayer Book, inſtead of turning o're the Leaves; imagining ſhe's at play, even when ſhe is at Church. She laughs more at thoſe who play at old faſhion'd games, then at thoſe who wear old faſhion'd clothes; and never ſees Gentlewomen and Ladies playing at *Gleek*, but it puts her in minde of the French Hood and the old Looſe-bodied Gown. She would play with her ſelf rather then want a gameſter, and with the Houſe on fire, rather then interrupt her game. In fine, ſhe loves a fair gameſter with all her heart, and would marry one, but that all her paſſion is for gaming; and ſhe could never think on Love for thinking on her Cards.

So

So lives she, and when she dyes, she hopes to go to the Gamesters *Paradice*, and there play *per omnia secula seculorum.* Amen.

Of a Formal Schollar.

A Formal Schollar is one who cannot speak out of Form, and with his *Sillogismes* and *Enthimema's* comes from breaking *Priscians* Head to breaking yours. He is a Mountebank of Learning, and to amuse the ignorant, wraps up slight Matter in abstruce words, onely that he may not be understood, and that others may admire what they understand not. He thinks 'tis brave to have his discourse like *Dametus* Armour, all compos'd of divers pieces of *Greek* and *Latine*, when indeed 'tis most absurd, and but cloathing Eloquence in Motley. His speech is divided into more Points then the Mariners Com-

Compass; and were it not for an admirable faculty he has of forgetting half of them, when he begins once he would never make an end. He thinks all time lost that he spends out of his Study, though he lose it there most of all; and he studies Books so much, as he knows not to converse with men: yet he thinks, having read *Tacitus* or *Thucidides*, that he is sufficient to govern all the World, when he's so simple, as he lets his Wife govern him. Mean time the more absurd he is, the more they admire him, it passing on the accompt of his great Schollarship; when indeed it shews him but the greater Dunce. Yet such most commonly they are, who studying more the *Formal* then *Rational* part of Divinity, make endless work of Controversie, and bring Religion to a kinde of cavelling, as Pettifoggers do the Law; seeking Contention more then Truth, and falling from questions of Things, to question of Names, and from thence to misnaming them; calling decent Ceremony, Superstition, and every thing Antichristian

that

that likes them not: ſo widening the breach of Religion, as what (like North and South) was onely divided by an indiviſible Line at firſt, becomes at laſt the whole Heavens diſtant, by their going to the extremities of either Pole.

The Picture of a Gallant French Monſieur.

BEhold this gallant *Hermophrodite*, in the Chamber more effeminate then Woman, and in the Field more maſculine then Man. It is he that has ſo improv'd Gallantry, as it ſignifies not only bravery in Clothes, but in Language, Manners, and Behaviour too: and he's ſo confident of his aſcendency in Courtſhip and Bravery over all other Nations, as he counts them all but *Clowns*, compar'd to him.

him. He riſes a mornings, and having ſpent two or three hours in dreſſing of himſelf, he goes to the Church of gallantry, where inſtead of his Prayer Book, out goes the little Comb, (for he is ſo good a Chriſtian as he had rather all Chriſtendom ſhould be diſorder'd then his *Periwick*) then the little whiſper to his Miſtris ſupplies the place of Jaculatory Prayers; and for one *Pater noſter* he ſayes to Heaven, he ſayes ten *Miſerere's* unto her: after having the honour to wait on her to her Coach, he returns to his Lodging, and there dines (God knows how) then dreſſes again ſome hour or two, and after goes the *Tour a la mode*, where he ſalutes with *bonne mene*, and has the jolly rencontres on the way. Thence he goes to converſation, where he ſayes the fineſt things, ſuch *douceurs* ſuch *confitures*, as 'tis a very Banquet for Ladies ears. Thus having his *Diarium*, you have the whole account of his Life, which goes on in the ſame *Tenor* ſtill, till he be old, if ſome Duel or other do'nt end it, whilſt he is young.

Of a Lady of the Time.

SHe is one who would fain be fair, in ſpight of Beauty, and paints ſo long for it, till ſhe have nothing of her own Countenance nor Complexion left. She uſes the *Trewel* inſtead of the *Pencil*, and paints ſo palpably as if ſhe ſought not to conceal it, but rather to publiſh it. She is all Affectation, in her language, geſture, and behaviour; and is as dextrous at the Fan, as a *Butcher* at the Fly-flap, or *Fencer* at Two-hand Sword; and all this to inveagle young Gallants, in whoſe multiplicity, ſhe glories more, then a *Lawyer* in multitude of his *Clyents*, or an *Orator* of his *Auditors*. Nor leaves ſhe any Art unattempted to take them, or conſerve them being ta'n: now making Sprindges of her Hair, (to catch the *Woodcocks*) now Pitfalls of her Breaſts, and now Lime-twigs of her Eyes; mean time who treats her, may intreat any thing of her; and who has the Coach,

Coach, may carry her any where; ſhe onely conſtituting the point of Honour, in Pleaſure; and more in Reputation of Beauty, then of Fame: walking boldly on the brink of Precipices, knowing her hair-bredths diſtance from diſhoneſty, and venturing as far for an ill Name, as any honeſt Woman may do.

Thus paſſes ſhe all Spring and Summer-time merrily, till growing towards Autumn with her, more Arts are requiſite to conceal the defects of Beauty, and repair the ruines and decayes of Time and Age: now complaining of *Catharrs*, now that ſhe ſleeps not well at nights, that her ill looks may be imputed to that accident; now ſeeking dark corners to ſhew her counterfeit Beauty in, as cheating Citizens do to vent their ſophiſticated ware; being more troubled with her Flyes then a gall'd Horſe in Summer; and ever and anon, the little Glaſs comes out, to ſee if there need no Reparations, ſhe being ſuch a frail and fragil Tenement, as the very Sun and Winde decayes and warps it; and

her Face juſt like old Loam-walls plaiſter'd and dawbed o're, is ſtill mouldring and crumbling away. Nor dares ſhe laugh for fear of wrinkling her face, and diſcompoſing her complexion; ſo as ſhe not onely marrs her face, but her humour too, and becomes as melancholy as an old Ape, with apprehenſion of loſing the reputation of Fair. In fine, after all theſe miſerable ſhifts, out of meer melancholy, ſhe pretends to Wiſdom, when her Folly will hold out no longer; and ſorely againſt her will, courts the reputation of Good, when ſhe can have no longer that of Fair.

The Picture of a Dutch FROW.

BEhold here a Kitchen-piece, with a plump *Holland Frow* in it, with Whitings Eyes, and much of your Fiſhes complexion: to ſee her in the Kitchen you would take her for the picture of Abundance, with a Panyer by her, full of Parſnips, Turnips, and Carrots, &c. like a *Cornucopiæ*, and for crown of all, a Hoop ſtuck full of Tenter-hooks, depending from the Roof, with ſeveral ſlices of Fleſh, and Fiſh, hanging dangling down; for the devil of whole Joynt ever comes into the Houſe. To tell you ſome of her principal qualities, ſhe much glories in making a *Butteram*, and in neatly ſhivering of the Loaf; but ſlicing Turnips, and the Hoſh-pot is her chiefeſt Diſh, when it there be any Greaſe left, of Kitchen-ſtuff or Candles end, 'tis ſure to go to pot. But leaving her Kitchin for fear of catching cold

in it, in all the reſt of her Houſe ſhe is ſo neat, as ſhe has her Spitting place within, as well as her Shiting place without; and there is no entering her principall Rooms, without putting off your ſhoes firſt, as if it were Holy Ground. Her *Tongs* and *Fire Shovel*, are more for ornament then uſe; and you may aſſoon get her ſet fire on her houſe, as make fire in any Chimney beſides the Kitchen one: as for her own *Chimney* 'tis under her Coats, where ſhe ſmothers her ſelf like a *Hedge-hog*, and ſo *be-mackerels* her Thighes, as you would take her for a *Mere-maid*, half Fiſh, half Fleſh; with which unnatural heat ſhe brings forth nothing but *Zoeterkins*. She eats ſo many Roots as ſhe ſquitters naturally, without help of the Phyſician; and none ſtinks more deſperately then ſhe, for every Foiſt endangers the bewraying of the Houſe: but that ſhe is a little foggie, ſhe would ſcold with great facility, and her Language is the fitteſt in the world for Scolding too. She never travails without her Basket of Provant, or

half

half Stivers worth of *Shrimps* or *Nuts*, to be cracking, or nibbling with, on the way; and when she comes home, every thing goes up into the Press, even her self, who lies in a Press a nights when she goes to bed. She housewives every thing so well, as not a seam of her Gloves, but has been dern'd over, twenty times at least: and is such an enemy of Superfluity, as her *Neusduck* or Handkercher, would scarce make a plaister for ones nose. There goes always some *Brancht Velvet* or *Tuft-taffaty* to the Sleeves and Stomacher of her Holiday Clothes, and the silver Chain with the rest of the appurtenances must on a Sundays, or she'l go to the *Lumbard* for't. In fine, she alwayes walks abroad on Holy dayes, (to Tipple a little) and on Weeks dayes keeps House, onely a Nights she makes excuse to fetch her Husband home from the Tavern, onely to take a cup or two her self, when with sipping they both at last become *Maudelin* drunk, and so go lovingly to Bed together, and sleep like Pigs.

Of a Bilk Courtier.

A *Bilk Courtier* is one who ſignifies nothing at *Court*, and he has no buſineſs there, but onely to ſtand in the way of thoſe who have. He is the ſhadow of a ſhadow, and though he be ordinarily at *Court*, he is not ſo much as a *Courtier* in Extraordinary. He is ſo inconſiderable, as none takes notice of him, unleſs they ſtumble on him by chance, when he cryes them mercy, and not they him. He plays at *Bopeep* in the preſence behinde the reſt, and never puts forwards, but to to applaud what others ſay; having neither the gentle Whiſper, the witty Word, nor any thing elſe to ſay himſelf, may make him gracious or acceptable at Court. He lies at catch for a look from you, juſt as a Spaniel does at Table for a bone; and when he has it, juſt like him, looks about, is over-joy'd, and would wag his Tail too, were he right *Kentiſh* breed. Whence he becomes

becomes so slighted, as none looks on him, when they can look off; and a thief would buy his quality at any rate, to have none take notice of him where he comes. At first he was proud, and would converse with none but Noblemen, till seeing them too proud for him, he is glad now to converse with every *Groom*; and they get credit by it, for he tells others they are *Noblemen*. Yet he may boast that whatsoever respect he has, is paid him meerly for himself; for even good Clothes cannot make him more regarded, nor ill, no more neglected then he is; which is just such a consolation, as to be so low, as to have no hope of rising higher, nor fear of falling lower then he is. In fine, every one wonders what he does at Court, unless it be onely to have this Epitaph written on his Grave when he is dead; *Here lies one who was at Court*, and nothing else. And if any wonder why I go so seldom thither, 'tis not to be counted such another Courtier as he.

Of a Busie Body.

HE is one who has so much leisure from his own affairs, as he's always medling with those of others; or rather he has no leisure to minde his own affairs, he is alwayes so busie with those of other men. He still makes it Holy-day with others, and Working-day with himself; whilst with *Æsops* fellow-servants he undertakes to do all himself, and leaves others nothing at all to do. He is so covetous and greedy of imployment, as he ingrosses all Businesses to himself, and envies others if they but tell the clock; and even Jack of the Clock-house, the striking of it too. He is so impertinently troublesom and officious, as he wo'nt let you be quiet, for his brushing of you, nor can be quiet himself if he sees any thing he imagines needs mending, though he makes it worse then it was, by his mending it. He commends Horses to ye, Servants and

and Wives; for the best of which, once in seven years you wish him hang'd; yet if you should hang him, he can't abstain from thrusting himself into Business, never considering that they are such nice and tickliſh things, such subtle Engines, consisting of so many wheels, as with tampering they are easily disordered, when all the blame is laid on these Busie Tamperers. He'l trot all the Town over for you, when a Porter could do the business as well as he; and being return'd, sits him down, and makes piteous moan, telling you how weary he is, and what pains he has ta'n; but never tells you how no body bid him, lest you should laugh at him for his pains.

For my part, when I see any of these Busie Bodies, I straight conclude they have no Heads for Business; and consider how Business is to men, just as Bryars are to sheep, alwayes bereaving those who are conversant in them, of somewhat of themselves, and so intangling our Thread of Life, as we have no comfort nor pleasure in the unravelling it; and finally how the

the World would be tranquile and calm, like the Pacifique Sea, if this thing call'd Buſineſs did not diſquiet it and ruffle it into ſtorms. I can pardon thoſe (then) who by neceſſity of State, are ingag'd in this dangerous Navigation, (ſo, like ſome great Fiſhes they dance not and delight in ſtorms) but that every petty Fellow without neceſſity, ſhould be plunging and engulfing themſelves in Buſineſs, and raiſing ſtorms (as it were) in a Duck Pond, is as ridiculous, as t'other is deplorable. Nor let them alledge Charity for it, there being as much difference betwixt charitable Bodies and them, as betwixt Talkative Bodies and excellent Orators: theſe never ſpeaking but to purpoſe, t'others alwayes babbling and blundering out to no purpoſe, what ever comes to mouth.

Of

The Picture of an Engliſh Inn.

AN Engliſh Inn is a Houſe of ſo ancient ſtanding, as moſt commonly 'tis ready to fall down again; and gives for Armorys its Sign Poſt, with two fair pair of Gallows for Supporters; and ſo much for the out-ſide. Within 'tis a great Machin of four Wheels, *Cook*, *Oaſtler*, *Tapſter*, and *Chamberlain*, with mine *Hoaſt* and *Hoaſtice*, at your entrance, like the main Springs, putting all the reſt in motion. Being entred, they fall all to couzening you in their ſeveral vocations: the *Oſtler* your Horſes, the reſt you; the *Cook* with meat new kill'd, and raw roaſted, ſo tough, as ſpite of your Teeth you are forc't to leave it to the Houſe. The *Tapſter* neither fulfilling his Pots, nor the Commandments, ſo miſcounting his Stone Juggs, as you may well count the *Stoneage* in *Wiltſhire*. Then the *Chamberlain* uſes ſuch *Leger-de-main* with his Fagots, as the Fire

it

it ſelf can hardly bring to light. For your Chamber it ſeems the Preſs-Yard, by the four huge Pillars of the Bed, with a Teſtern ſo heavy, as if it fall on you, *Lord* have mercy on you. And for more exquiſite Torment and lingering pain, you have a heavy Tapeſtry for coverture, in Summer ſwelters you with heat, and in Winter kills you with cold, as well as weight. To ſay nothing of the Feather-bed, whoſe feathers (as if you fell into water) part on either ſide, whilſt you ſink to the bottom; nor the Fleas which ſuck you as the Devils do Witches, and devil of reſt all night can you get for them.

For my *Hoaſtice* (who in the dayes of Good-fellowſhip was a Good Fellow above ſtairs, as mine *Hoaſt* was below, and could talk bawdy, and carve daintily at upper end of the Table, with the lift of the little Finger, and another odd lift of the Belly in kiſſing you) ſhe's now grown ſo preciſe, as ſhe's onely for the Godly: wherefore leaving her to the Communion of Saints, for mine *Hoaſt*, though he be

nothing nigh ſo fat and jovial as he was wont to be, (the increaſe of the Excize having much abated the cize of his Belly, and ſtumm'd Sack and Religion his mirth) he'l make ſhift yet to be half drunk every Day, and on Marker Dayes drunk outright, when he is wondrous kinde, eſpecially to his Gueſts; which kindneſs he expreſſes in a pint of Sack to the Maſter, and a double Jugg to the Servingman, in order to their Reckoning; which diſcharged once like a great piece of Artillery, or Warning-piece, there follows a whole volley of Welcomes like ſmall ſhot, ſhrilly ecchoed from every ſide, and you are diſcharged too.

of

THE PORTRAIT OF Cromwell.

IF these Times will give me leave, the future I'm sure will thank me for inserting this mans Portrait amongst the rest. Curious of knowing all persons eminent either for Good or Bad; and so curious, as t'would go as far to see his Picture who burnt *Diana*'s Temple, as his who founded it; besides 'twill be a great argument of the goodness of these Times, for onely under good Princes, men dare freely speak o'th Bad.

He

He was of ſtature rather well ſet then tall; ſtrong and robuſtious of conſtitution, of viſage *Leonin*; his eyes fierce; his noſe of the largeſt cize, and ſo red, as that was well applied to him, which was ſaid of *Tiberius*, *He was a maſs of clay temper'd with blood.*

This was his Martial Face, for he had change of them, and could put on the *Foxes* as well as the *Lions* countenance; whence you may eaſily gueſs he was a great Diſſembler; and 'twas onely that indeed made him ſo fit to Reign. Though the arts he us'd would have ſerv'd at no other time, but then, any would ſerve, when men were prepar'd for Servitude, by a rabble of Mercenary and Factious Preachers, and a fatal Madneſs had poſſeſſed the Nation, which now they are cur'd of; they are aſham'd to ſee, how they were fool'd by him, with the name of *Liberty*, without the thing; with the empty huſk of *Parliament*, without the kernel of *King* and *Lords*; and mockt juſt as Children are with Hobby-horſes, when they complain of wearineſs, by giving

them a heavy ſtick to lugger, would weary any one that were wiſe, more then they were before: nay, made very horſes of them themſelves, and ſpur-gall'd and quite rid them off their legs, with a ſharp bit and curb, as they well deſerv'd, who could run away with their Rider formerly, when they were onely rid with a ſnaffle, and gentle hand.

For the reſt, he was of ſtrong and able parts, and if ever any was Artificer of his own Fortune, it was he: valiant of his perſon, but never uſing force, when ſtratagem would ſuffice: bold and reſolute, and what he determin'd once to do, none could hinder him from doing it; nor ever met he with any obſtacle, but by force or ſleight he would remove it ſtraight; by which he arriv'd to great Fame, and had tranſmitted it greater, and more pure unto poſterity, had he not confounded the Souldier with the Preacher. In fine, *Fortune* carried him up ſo high, and on ſo unſtable foundation, as the fear of falling took from him all the pleaſure of his riſe; and he liv'd with all the

the fears of an ill Cauſe about him, which made Cruelty often neceſſary, though 'twas not natural. And do but imagine of how vaſt comprehenſion he was, who graſpt, and held all *England* together whilſt he liv'd; which when he dyed, juſt like a Fagot when the band is broke, fell all to pieces preſently; nor could the Body of Rebellion, finde a Spirit great enough to animate it, when he was gone. And that foundation of Empire which he ſought to lay in his Family, but proved that ſaying true; That great Enterprizes, like great Edifices, are onely built for Ruine, unleſs they be finiſhed. To conclude, his Death gave Peace to all Chriſtendom, who lookt upon him whilſt he liv'd juſt like ſome Blazing Star, the portent of War, Ruine, and Deſtruction; and when he dyed the fatal Influence ceaſt.

Behold here a Horrid Piece, which if it fright any from Sinning, or to Repentance for having sinn'd, I shall account my self happy, to have contributed so much unto their Happiness.

The Picture of Hell.

IN the Sink of all the World,
Where all the Filth and Ordure's hurl'd,
And th' abhorred loathsom sent,
Is not their least of punishment
In th' Abyss of deepest Hell,
Where onely pains and horrours dwell;
And that dark and dismal Room,
Where never any Light does come,
But what from pitchy Blazes rise,
Or from Furies sparkling eyes:

Nor

Nor ever yet came any Air,
Vital breathing to repair;
But a foul and ſmothering ſmoak,
Serves not to reſpire, but choak;
And their ſtill affrighted ears,
Nought but fearful ſcriechings hears,
Howlings, roaring out for pain,
And groanings till they burſt again.
There unhappy Sinners lie
Tormented for eternity.
Whilſt every one is puniſht there
In meaſure, as they offended here;
And receive a Recompence,
Proportioned to their offence.
There th' Oppreſſors are oppreſt,
With mountains weight upon their breaſt:
The Glutton's cram'd with loathſome meats,
Abhors his ſtomack whilſt he eats:
The Drunkard's forc't to quaff whole bowls
Of ſulphurous Flames to's fellows Souls;

Or for greater Torment's for'ct
T' indure a fierce and raging thirſt:
The Miſer ſwallows molten *Or*,
Midas could not wiſh for more:
The Furious indure a rage,
Eternity can ne'r aſſwage:
And Blaſphemers with extreme
Torments, are forced to blaſpheme:
The Envious within them bear
Their own *Hell*, as they did here;
To whom of all the Helliſh crew,
No pains can added be anew.
Murtherers there, for greater pain,
Oft kill'd, and oft reviv'd again;
So eternally ſhall lie,
And wiſh for death, yet cannot dye.
Amongſt the reſt moſt wretched they,
In filthy Luſt here wallowing lay,
Shall wallowing there, like ſwine in mire,
In pitchy Flames, and ſcorching fire

Lie,

Lie, for their luſtful heat, and for
Their filthy luſt, for evermore.
To tell all Torments that are there
Like thoſe Torments, endleſs were.
But all this pain of ſenſe is nought
Compared to their pain of thought;
To think what wretched Fools they were,
Whilſt they breath'd this vital air,
T'have loſt eternal pleaſure quite,
For a moments ſhort delight;
And for guſt as ſhort again,
Purchaſed eternal pain.
This makes them curſe, blaſpheme, deſpair,
Wring their hands, and tear their hair;
Sigh and weep, lament, and mourn,
And curſe the time that they were born:
And ſo eternally ſhall lye.
O terrible Eternity!
Who mention of thee can hear,
Without trembling, without fear:

Thunder could not make them ſhake,
Nor the laſt Trump ſcarce awake.
Oh thou Infinite Abyſs,
Where neither brink, nor bottom is;
That haſt neither firſt nor laſt,
Nor ending, nor beginning, haſt
Eternity! Eternity!
How am I loſt in thought of thee!

Of

Of a Lazie Disposition.

HIs onely business is to live easily in the world; and because action is not easie enough, he consumes most part of his life in Thought; and most of his thoughts are smoother'd on the pillow, where they were born, whilst others meeting with difficulty, survive not long after. He can take no pains in any thing, unless the pleasure of it exceeds the pains he takes; and considering the difficulty of arriving to perfection, he contents himself with mediocrity in every thing; when he has any thing to do, if ever you saw the Embleme of a man flying with plumets at his feet, you have the true Embleme of him, for his Lazines weighs him down as fast as his Desires do bear him up. He loves not change, more out of Lazines then Constancy, and 'tis with pain he intermits what he has accustom'd long, and with as much pain he

he returns to't, having long intermitted it. Though he begin with never ſo great eagerneſs, it irks him to ſet the laſt hand to any thing; Time with him ſupplying the place of Difficulty in every thing; and whilſt he does things by halves, he commonly leaves the better half of them undone; he procraſtinates ſtill, and loſes occaſion for want of taking hold of it, and often lets it ſlip for not holding it faſt enough. He is beholding to neceſſity for making him do many things againſt his will, which elſe he would leave undone; without which, no Lake nor Pool, would ſooner corrupt with long ſtanding, then he with Idleneſs. He does by friends and fortune, as thoſe, who, becauſe Flowers are too nice things, and require too much culture, turn all their Gardens to Trees and *Greenſod*; he loves eaſie company as eaſie garments, and hates Ceremonies, Cringes, and Congeing, as the Rack of converſation, that ſets every ones joynts a ſtretching, and could never take the pains to bring a Comple-

Complement to the end. In fine, I could say much more of him, but for Lazineſs; and much worſe of it, but that 'tis mine own diſpoſition.

Of a Sighing Lover.

HE ſighs like a dry Pump, or broken-winded Bellowes; and to hear him, you would never wonder at *Lapland witches* affording Winde ſo cheap. He cryes out of his Miſtris cruelty out of all cry, and is ſo pittiful a Lover, as no body pities him; for the more he cryes; the more they laugh at him. There is nothing ſo cold, as to hear him talk of Flames; nor ſo dull, as his complaining of *Cupids* Darts. And to hear him talk of Gods and Goddeſſes, you would take him for ſome *Pagan* never converted

to

to Christianity; and all this for want of being well Catechiz'd, and taught to know, how 'tis with Mistrisses, as 'tis with Nettles, handle them gently, and they sting you; but handle them roughly, and you soon blunt their stings. Mean while he will be a Lover in spite of his Mistris, and his Mistris to spite him, scorns and derides him for it; knowing that such whining Gallants, when Husbands, prove alwayes the greatest Tyrants; wherefore she tyrannizes over him the more, and lets him know, that 'tis with Love as 'tis with War, which once declar'd, you are to expect nothing but Hostility; and 'tis with Lovers as with Anglers, who feed Fishes ere they are caught; but caught once, they feed on them: So wise Wenches fool them, till they dye *Quakers* in Love at last, (of all Sects the most ridiculous) the subject of some Lamentable Ballad, that tells you how they are gone to the *Elizian* Fields, when 'tis onely by *Moor-fields*, (perhaps) where they are Buried amongst the Mad men, and there's an end of them.

Of

Of a strange Disposition.

SHe is the *Anomula* of her sex, not compriz'd in any general Rule, nor can any particular one be given of her; whence it becomes a wise man to be ignorant of her disposition, and they are onely fools who imagine they understand it. You may spell *Hebrew* backwards, and discypher the hardest Cyphers, but there is no spelling her, nor finding out her disposition: yet 'tis not so much changeableness and extravigance, for she is still her self, though still different from all besides; and nothing in extreams, yet you know not where to have her in the mean; there is no guessing at her esteem, by her courtesie and civility, for she is equally civil and courteous unto all: nor at her friendship by her familiarity, for she is familiar with none. So, whosoever goes about to finde her disposition, will be forc't to confess at last, that there is somewhat inaccessible

acceſſible in the world, beſides earthly Paradice; and juſt like the doubling of ſome Caps, a ſtrong currant carries you as far backwards as you were advanc't, when you come near it once; and like *Siſiphus* rouling Stone, all your bootleſs labour returns upon your ſelf, when you imagine you are even arriv'd unto the top; and lets you ſee, there is no ſtriving againſt impoſſibilities. In fine (then) this I onely know of her, that her vertue is more ſublime and inacceſſible then humane ſtudy can attain to the knowledge of; and there is ſomewhat in her ſo intelligible and high, as I am not divine enough to underſtand: wherefore loving onely intelligible and eaſie Authors as I do, I am reſolv'd to leave off ſtudying her; and of her Vertue thus conclude at laſt, Give me an obliging Vice that's good to others, and take your rigid and ſevere Vertue he that liſt, that's onely good unto it ſelf.

Of

Of a Timorous Disposition.

HE flyes Difficulty and Danger in every thing, and is as unfit for difficult and dangerous Enterprizes, as a *London* Wherry, for an *East India* voyage: so you must imploy him in what he is good for, or he is good for nothing. He dares not offend Sovereign Authority for his life, and for your gallantry of dying, (though for never so good a Cause) he is so modest as he would give any one the preheminence. Nor is he *Divine*, nor *Philosopher* good enough, to know what good he can do, when he is dead. Like the Superstitious *Americans* he offers up as much Incense in Sacrifice to those Powers who may harm him, as to those who may do him good: yet he is but half an *Idolater*, who sacrifices more out of Fear then Devotion, and in time of Persecution,

cution, pretends not ſo much to Merit, as Excuſe. Whence he aſpires not to the Honour of a Rubrique Saint, or State Martyr, though he honours thoſe that are; and he is no *Heretique*, but onely a little *Schiſmatique*, and hopes to be ſav'd by others Merits, though not his own, amongſt the common ſort of other Chriſtians, who in ſtorms of Perſecution, which way ſoever the Winde blows, will be ſure to keep on the windy ſide of Danger ſtill.

THE

The Portrait of the Author.

To the Lady.....

Madame,

YOu demand my Portrait (considerable for nothing but for writing of the reſt) and how can I deny you my Portrait, to whom I have given my ſelf? Behold it here then, with all its Imperfections, to which I have added thoſe of my writing it: and that I may declare them more freely, and with leſs concern, I ſhall put off mine own perſon, and put on anothers, whilſt I tell you.

In his perſon there is not much to commend, nor diſcommend: his ſtature, is rather tall then low, betwixt groſs and ſlen-

der, his visage oval, and cheeks a little sunk; his eyes, black, and lively; nose, well enough proportioned; mouth, with chearful overture; hair, dark and limber; complexion, thick, and troubled, and rather flesh coloured, then pale; his air and motion sprightly, Nature seeming in his whole composition to have been neither too negligent, nor to exact. This he was in his youthful dayes, but now his Phisiognomy is much changed by Age; his hair grisled, his beard (*a la mode* of the time) close shaven; his eyes dimm and deeply sunk, (to admonish him perhaps, 'tis time to look into himself.) In fine, he is well enough content with his exterior, (not much unlike that Portrait which commonly passes for *Senica's*) but with his interior, not so well. For his memory is so fugitive as he must shoot flying, and take it as it comes, or else 'tis gone; and his understanding so darkly lodg'd, as he is forc't to grope it out; whence his Inventions are so slow, and Apprehensions so confus'd, as till he has produced them to light,

light, and explicated them on paper, he knows not what they are. Whence he writes better then he ſpeaks, and his Writings are better company then himſelf. As for his Morning Thoughts they are ſomewhat, before they are mixt with the Species, and diſtractions of the day; but afterwards, nothing but confuſion. How he is qualified, you know *Madame*, and how the *Muſes* and *Muſick* were not averſe at his nativity, and he born ſo averſe to all profitable Arts, as he prefers the Pleaſant to the Profitable in every thing.

For his Minde 'tis neither very good, nor very bad; and he is rather enemy to Vice then any great friend to Vertue. His greateſt faults are thoſe of omiſſion, (if they be not more others faults then his) and next to God, he ows much to his Education, and much unto his Friends, that he commits no more; and not a little to his Enemies, whom he ſhould ſcorn ever to give that advantage, truly to report any harm of him; and if falſly, 'tis more their harm then his.

For quieting his minde, he hates Busi-
nes, and never cares for what he cannot
have, nor scarce for any thing others can
deprive him of. He never extends his de-
sires further then to easie things, not to put
himself on the rack for the obtaining them;
and only paints his hopes in water colours,
that without fretting the Table, they may
easily be washt out again. Above all, he
shuns all high-wayes of the Vulgar, and by-
wayes in Religion, not to erre in doctrine
and opinion. But passing what he is in
himself, to come to what he is to others;
he is shy of acquaintance, and familiar but
with few, and those onely of the nobler
and better sort. He is the least bold of any,
disdaining that should be paid to his bold-
nes, which he imagines onely due to merit.
Onely favour can imbolden him, when he
is familiar, without insinuating and in-
croaching; obsequious, without troubling
and molesting you; and complacent, with-
out flattery and assentation. As he is wil-
lingly enemy to none, so he will be friend
to none against their will; nor cares to have
those

thoſe his enemies, who are never like to be his friends; nor thoſe his friends, who are never like to do him good. He never loſt any friends that were worth the keeping, nor never made any his friends but onely ſuch; and if any unkindneſs hapens, he retires till the remembrance of former kindeneſs may efface the memory of any latter unkindneſſes; whence moſt commonly he returns in greater favor then before, if ſome envious of his favour hinder it not, againſt whoſe malice he never ſufficiently provides, who having no ſecondary ends in making friends, uſes no ſecondary means for the conſerving them. He loves all things chearful, ſplendious, and noble, and hates *Sectaries* moſt of all, becauſe they are otherwiſe. And he loves eaſie company, as he do's eaſie garments, making no difficulty to caſt off either, when they pain or trouble him; and is ſo far from regreting the want of them, as he thanks God he can want ſuch troubleſom and needleſs things.

If he diſpraiſe any, 'tis more his love of perfection, then hate to them; and he praiſes

more willingly, then he diſpraiſes; yet ſince every one hath ſomewhat praiſe-worthy in them, and ſo on the contrary; whilſt he looks on his friends on the better ſide, his enemies muſt pardon him if he have not the ſame friendſhip for them. He blows not hot and cold, but may be blown ſo; for a cold word freezes him, and a hot makes him preſently boil over; when next to his Prince, who can ſovereignly diſpoſe of his body, and *God* who can diſpoſe of ſoul and body both, he cares not for offending any, who firſt offendeth him; and he rather expreſſes the reſentments of his offence by writing, then word of mouth, becauſe, words in letters, are not ſo apt to fly and break forth, as in ſpeech; nor to riſe in ſparks of anger, nor flames of choler, when they are dead, & when they are alive. And he loves an open rather then a covert enemy, wherefore he puts them timely to the declaration of their enmity, that ſo the venom driven outward, there may be leſs danger for himſelf, and for others too, to be invenom'd by it.

He

He counts converſation betwixt man and man his ſecond Religion, and ſo that be good, for their firſt Religion, or the converſation betwixt God and them, he leaves that unto themſelves; this makes many imagine him leſs zealous, who know not rightly to diſtinguiſh betwixt zeal and faction; and who over-laſh as far in their judgements, as he under-do's, perhaps.

Indeed he is ſorry and aſham'd not to have that dear and tender reſentment for Almighty *God*, as he ſhould have for a noble friend; and that he ſhould be ſo unthankful to him for all his benefits, who has bleſt him with a happineſs and *felicity* as far ſuperior to *Fortune*, as health, and repoſe of minde, is to Riches, and the ſolicitude they bring along with them: yet he thanks *God* he fears him ſo, as he conſiders himſelf perpetually in his hands; and if they admir'd anciently the audacity of young *Cato*, that he durſt offend them who held him out of the window, and threatned to throw him down; he much more admires the audaciouſneſs of thoſe, who wit-

wickedly dare offend Almighty God, who holds them in his hands, and threatens in case they offend him; not onely to throw them to the ground, but to the bottomless pit of Hell.

Mean time, there is nothing more easie then to mistake his disposition, for necessity often makes him do many things, which naturally he would not do; and he could be fixt, had he any permanent habitation and apply himself to graver studies, had h not more encouragement for lighter ones and if he regret the want of Fortunes assistance in any thing, 'tis to further him in his retreat, when growing older, he should be glad to interpose some little space betwixt the business of Life, and preparation for his Death.

But 'tis time to leave off, lest I make an Apology for him instead of his Portrait; and write his Life, instead of giving you the Character of his Disposition.

FINIS.